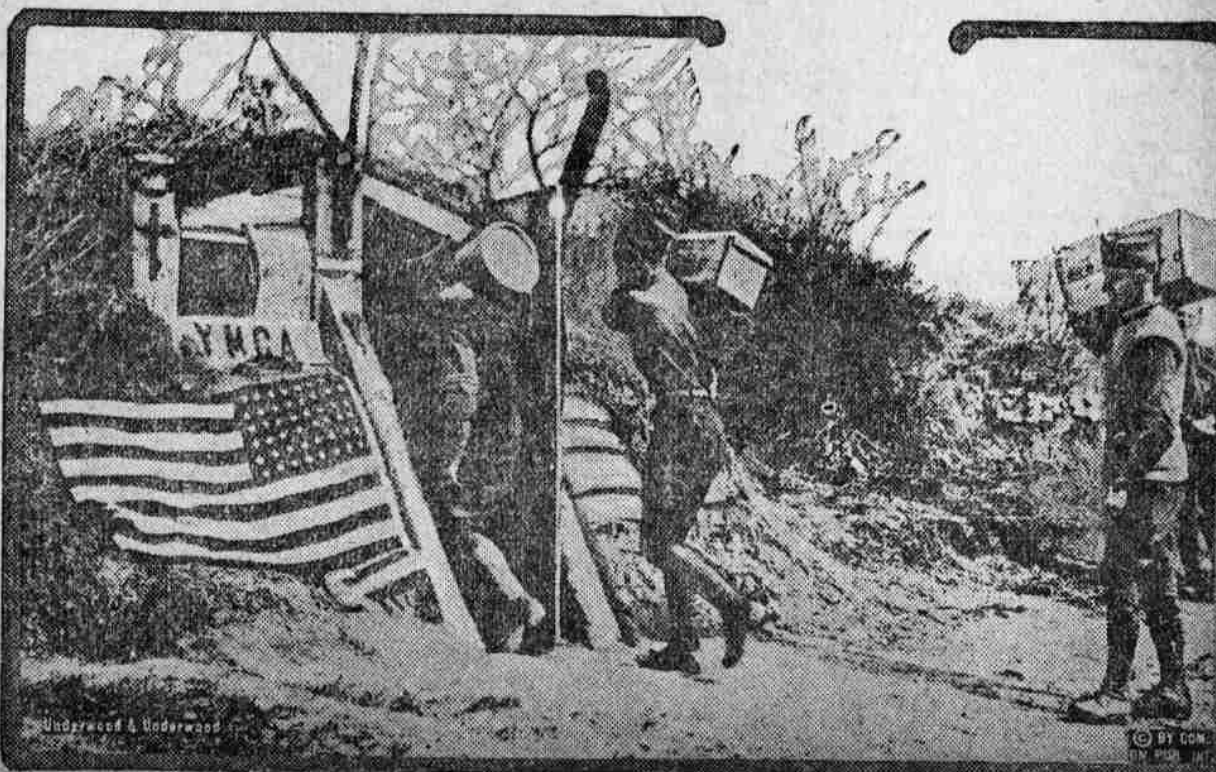


CONFLANS SUPPLY BASE BOMBED BY THE AMERICANS



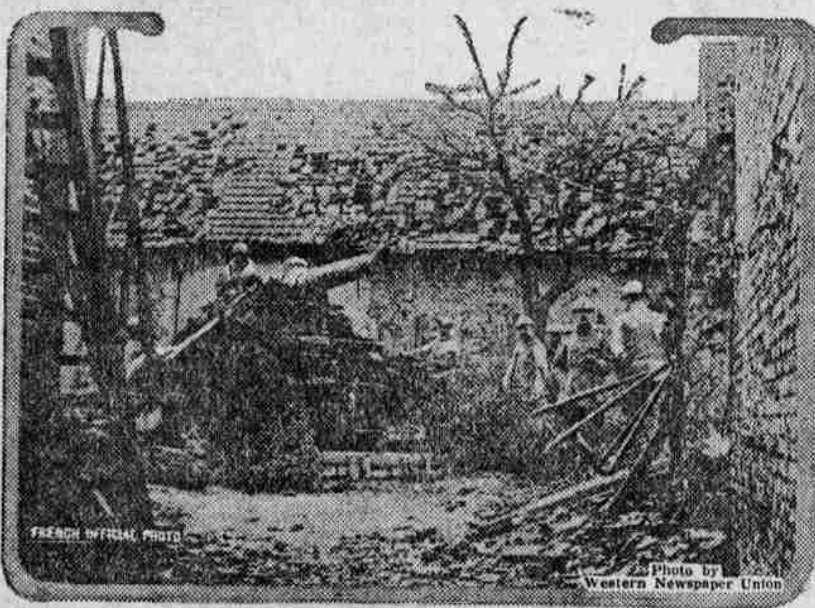
American aviators have again bombed the enemy base supply station at Conflans. This supply base is about 20 miles east of Verdun and is an important link in the enemy second line of defense. The railroad station and supply yards are reported to have been completely blown up by the effective bombing of the Americans. The picture gives a view of Conflans and the surrounding country.

SUPPLIES FOR Y. M. C. A. HUT NEAR FIRING LINE



The Y. M. C. A. follows the flag right up to the trenches. This photograph shows supplies being brought up to one of its huts near the firing line.

FRENCH 155 FIRING FROM A COURTYARD



This French 155 gun is shown firing from its place of concealment in the courtyard of a country house.

FRENCH HEAVY GUNS ADVANCE THROUGH MUD



French heavy guns, that have been mowing down the Huns, moving forward on a muddy road.

BRIEF INFORMATION

Sacks made of a fabric woven from paper strips that are twisted with a short vegetable fiber are being successfully used for transporting ore in Chile.

Only three of the original 13 states ratified the Constitution of the United States unanimously: Delaware (the first to accept the Constitution), New Jersey and Georgia.

A false rumor that all pigs were to be commandeered resulted in a wholesale slaughter by pig-breeders at Lincoln, England, which was only stopped by a telegram from Lord Rhonda.

Every man in North Jay, Me., except three own automobiles, and they will soon buy, according to a local correspondent.

A Pittsfield, Mass., man keeps 70 Belgian hares. By means of them he has solved the meat problem in his home year in and year out.

A revolving fan recently invented is attached to the back of a rocking chair and whirled over an occupant's head as he rocks.

The Texarkana (Tex.) school board has been defeated in a lawsuit brought against it to annul a ruling prescribing the style of high school graduation dresses.

CARES FOR FIGHTERS' FEET



Sgt. Maj. J. A. White, who is doing his bit serving as chiropodist with Uncle Sam's forces in France. The care of the lower extremities is of the utmost importance to the success of an army, and this expert sees to it that the feet of our fighting men are always in the "pink of condition."

Child Gardeners in England.—Apart from the school gardens, which are increasing in number and size and excellence every year, a great deal of work in the direction of food production is being done by children, both in the gardens attached to their homes and elsewhere. In a number of towns the children have been organized for the cultivation of back gardens. According to a report sent to the food production department, Leyton, Essex, has an excellent record in this matter and it is claimed locally that no other town can equal its record.—London Globe.

Pitiful.

"Pitiful, isn't it?"
"What?"
"Why, the fact that some people have so little fear of firing peanut shells around."

Eagerness.

"Are there any dogs around?"
"No," said the eager real estate agent, "the last two dogs in this neighborhood ate each other up. Dog eat dog, you know."

Louisa Goes Over the Top

By GIDEON HOE
of The Vigilantes

Louisa is the school scrub woman. She has been connected with the school for years. She has been there with her brooms, her pails, her mops and her eternal thoroughness.

Louisa was German. She spoke German. She thought German. She dreamed German. She was in America only because she could not "earn so much as here." She had come here a generation ago with a young married sister. The sister had gone back to Germany, leaving her baby with Louisa. He grew up as most boys do whose mothers are not about and whose supporting aunts have to go out to work.

He was stoop-shouldered, he smoked. He spent his wages as he wished. Louisa would look at him grimly and mutter: "Ach, if only I had you in Chermanny."

It was for the boy that she worked. It was of him and the Faderland that she talked as she rubbed, rubbed, rubbed. "Ach, what think? That boy he lends five dollars to a man on the block and he move away and we can't find him."

"Not so it is in Chermanny. There he could not do this. Make bills and hide himself. There you have a little book. From school yet you have it. In it stands your name, your age, your hair, your eyes, and all what you do for a living."

"First thing you do if you move, you must go to the police and show your book, then again when you arrive you show your book to the police."

"No, no, in Chermanny you cannot run away. There they have it much better. You are all bosses. Nein! You have not the discipline. Hrrp! Hrrp! Forward march!" and Louisa shouldered down the corridor to the applause and laughter of the little children marching into school.

Louisa liked to mingle with the teachers. At the beginning of the war, when the teachers gathered in their little knots discussing the possibilities and speculating on the outcome of it all, Louisa made her contribution: "Ach, the discipline. Von Hindenburg. He is the soldier. Such a fine one never lived. You will see he will with. He is a Gottlike man."

Louisa, have a heart. Don't scare us so early in the morning," scoffed Boy Teacher, reaching for the brief case that rested at his feet. But Louisa was before him and placed it in his hands.

"Oh, thank you, Louisa, but you mustn't do that. You'll spoil me. I'm not used to it."

"I should hope not," sniffed another young teacher. "I should hope not indeed. The idea of a woman waiting on a perfectly healthy, strong young man. I bet I wouldn't do it."

"Ach, no? In Chermanny you would be better disciplined. You would save the man all."

"Why? Why?" stamped the young teacher. "Why should a woman save a man anything?"

"Because," Louisa condescended. "Because he is a soldier. He fights for the Faderland. Without the man what are you? Nothing. It is for you to marry a fine soldier, mother a fine soldier, raise up a fine soldier. That is your duty. That you were placed in the world for. Now he, pointing to the Boy Teacher, "would make a fine—" But the young teacher had fled.

The teachers began to grumble. "Germany, Germany. Louisa is always cheering for Germany. Why don't these people go back and fight for the Faderland? No. They stay here and root for Germany."

The Lusitania Was Sunk. Then came the news of the sinking of the Lusitania. The teachers gathered and discussed the news angrily. "The devils. Our people. Hundreds of them. Frohman, Archie Butts, Hubbard. It's awful. It was full of women and little children. Shameful."

Wondering, Louisa poked her head inside the door. "What is? Is someone dead you cry so?"

"Yes, they're dead," and a teacher sprang forward and pushed the headline paper full in Louisa's face. "Your lovely Germans killed them."

"Killed? What is?"

"The Lusitania was sunk by the Germans. She was carrying many Americans."

"So!" said Louisa coolly. "Well, they was told to stay off that boat. The fools. Served themselves well right."

"Keep still," screamed the young teacher. We'll ask your precious kaiser whether we may sail over his ocean when he isn't using it, I suppose. Well, we won't. Then taking fresh umbrage at the other's stolid composure, she burst out: "What do you think you would be doing if you were in Germany now? Going about a building like this one, dressed as you are, mingling with the sort of people you meet here? Not for a minute. You'd be dressed in rags, your feet in wooden shoes, and you would be pulling a plow like an ox for your precious kaiser."

Louisa is For Uncle Sam. Louisa went out shaking her head. At last war was declared. We were "in it." Louisa paddled by the office with her pails and brushes. "Hurrah."

Frau von Hindenburg! We're going to Berlin to get your precious kaiser." "Ya, ya, ya," said Louisa sadly. "Such things must be. It stands in the Bible. Purification by fire. If it's God's will we fight, then we fight."

When the teachers had gone to their rooms Louisa appeared in the office. "Hark," she whispered to the head teacher. "My boy has volunteered for the war. What you think of that? Isn't that fine? He says: 'Mother Louisa, I must go, and I tell him: 'Go. We live in America, we are Americans.'"

One morning when the teachers had gathered for the morning chat, Louisa came in, her face shining. "Look," she said to the young teacher, "here is my boy's picture. He is a soldier now. How grand he looks. He is a sergeant already."

Louisa gazed lovingly at the postcard picture of a fine looking soldier boy. "Ha, ha, my fine fellow. Now you don't turn over and sleep again while I call you five times more. Ta tata, Ta tata, Ta ta ta. Forward march. That is fine for you," she chuckled.

The Liberty Loan posters came. The big loan drive was on. Louisa fell in love with one of the posters. "Such a beautiful young lady. How strong she is waving the flag and leading the army. She is schoen, ya, ya, she calls for money for the soldiers. She shall have it. Ya, ya."

Glancing about to be sure she was not noticed, she slipped into the office. Once inside she drew from her pocket an envelope with the red triangle in the corner and laid it before the head teacher. "Look. This money my boy sends. It is the money they give him for being a good soldier. That money I never spend. Take it and buy a Liberty Bond." So Louisa went over the top for Uncle Sam.

THE TEST

By JOHN BROWN JEWETT
of The Vigilantes.

This is your crisis, this your hour; Earth's oceans and its shores End but one place of portent power, One duty—it is yours.

Think not to hide amid the crowd That covers land and sea; The voice of Fate is calling loud; "Look to him, world—'tis he!"

Yes, you—no other. None are born To do what you must do; No beaten captain waits such scorn For failure, as must you.

It is the test, the final one;— Shall king or people reign? Who are the people? There are none If one is called in vain.

On you the sorrow, blood and cost, The glory or the shame. If freedom's cause today is lost, You only are to blame.

THOSE WHO CANNOT GO

By EDWARD A. G. HERMANN
of The Vigilantes.

Are you sorry? Or are you glad? Perhaps you would go if you could, but you must stay at home.

You cannot be a hero at the battle-front, but you can live heroically wherever you are.

It takes five men at home to keep one man in the trenches.

YOU belong to one of those groups of five men.

The five men at home must stand together and do the things that count most for one man at the front. For any one man to fail is to play false to the cause for which we work and they fight.

You cannot fight, but you can work and pray; you can love and serve; you can save carefully and give sacrificially. Above all else you ought to worship in times of war.

We believe our cause is righteous. Our faith is justified. Our human instincts are not lying to us.

The lofty ideals for which our brave boys are fighting are the ideals for which pure Christianity has stood for 1,900 years. When the church has been blind to the vision of the ideals she has grown weak and unworthy of the great Leader. We stand with him today for the sanctity of womanhood and the protection of children; for justice and mercy, truth and righteousness; for industrial, political and social democracy; for international law and universal brotherhood; for the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth.

These are the great ideals which carry with them freedom, peace and happiness for all the future.

After all, true religion is the real conservator of civilization and the ultimate unifier of humanity. The future of democracy and civilization is bound up with Christianity.

THE FLAG SPEAKS

By THEODOSIA GARRISON
of The Vigilantes.

Great minds planned me,
High hearts made me,
Strong arms raised me,
To fly while life endures;
Fine souls wrought for me,
Brave men fought for me,
Bound and broken sought for me,—
Now—I am yours.

The wide world sees me,
The wild seas know me,
The four winds lift me
A signal and a flame;
Your youth and your age,
Your hope and heritage,
Your father's father's page
That bears your name.

Your hands uphold me,
Your strength sustains me,
Your service honors me
With every task it gives;
Hold me your word and worth,
Hold me your sword and hearth,
Hold me your sign to earth
That Freedom lives.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Drop Freezone on a touchy corn, then lift that corn off with fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic! No hurting!



A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.—Adv.

The Worm Turned.

A Richmond (Va.) man who returned down to the resort where his wife and baby were spending the summer was called on to help prepare the morning meal of his son and help. He proved a little unskilled in removing the top of the can that was handed him, and his wife became scornful and impatient.

"I do wish I had married a man!" she said, with fine sarcasm.

The unfortunate continued to struggle vainly with the stubborn tin.

"And I do wish I had married a woman," he grunted. "Then I would not have had to bother with these artificial breakfast foods."

Many people imagine that Worms or Tapeworm cannot be gotten rid of entirely. Those who have used Dead Shot—Dr. Peery's Vermifuge, know that they can. Adv.

Killed on English Railroads.

The number of train miles run for each man killed by the movement of trains or vehicles other than in fatal accidents and in shunting during a recent year was for the 11 principal English railroad companies as follows: Midland, 3,069,000; Great Western, 2,273,000; London & North Western, 2,273,000; London & North Eastern, 2,227,000; Great Northern, 2,089,000; Southern & Chatham, 1,943,000; Northeastern, 1,842,000; Great Central, 1,846,000; London, Brighton & South Coast, 1,604,000; Great Eastern, 1,427,000; Lancashire & Yorkshire, 1,383,000; London & South Western, 1,325,000.

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